

# The Musical World.

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VOL. 58.—No. 6.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1880.

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## MICHAEL IVANOVITCH GLINKA.

(From his Memoirs and Correspondence.\*)

Russia is attracting at this moment the attention of all men of serious mind. Her vast empire, still little known to us, offers numerous subjects for study and observation. It is the country of extremes. The winter is very severe; the summer, scorching. Days without end succeed to interminable nights. A civilisation refined to excess elbows customs worthy of the barbarous ages. There only was it that, side by side with nobles whose riches were proverbial, we still saw, a few years ago, a people of peasants, not masters of even their own persons. A narrow religion and superstitious faith animate the larger part of the population, while the philosophical sects push negation to its furthest limits. Opposed to an autocratic and absolute government without control, there reigns a revolutionary spirit which has conceived the project of destroying the very foundations of society. Lastly, among a people always considered faithful, submissive, and rather weak and tame than otherwise in character, the acts of cold-blooded violence committed by the Nihilists have something about them astonishing and often terrifying.

All these contrasts strike the least observant eye, and afford curious matter for close study. But other reasons render Russia attractive to the musician. Russia is the country which seems destined, at an early date, to dispute with France artistic pre-eminence. Musical Germany is personified in Richard Wagner, just as Italy is represented exclusively by Verdi. Suppose these two giants were to disappear; nothing would be left around them. Russia and France, on the contrary, each possess a genuine school of music. In each of these two nations there is a rising group of young men, well-gifted, resolute, full of activity and energy. The composers of St Petersburg and Moscow, like those of Paris, have the pretension of renewing forms which strike them as worn out. Our temperament, however, our habits of mind, the necessity we experience for order and ponderation, protect us from ourselves; we remain classical in our wildest flights. It is different with the Russians; their music, fretting at the mould, careless of form, spreads out large and tumultuous, like an ocean overflowing its shores. Which will carry the day: French lucidity or the luxuriant imagination distinguishing the men of the North? The future will show. Meanwhile, is it not interesting to study the artistic movement going on at Moscow and on the banks of the Neva? Soaring over countries and frontiers, artists ought to know, appreciate, and thoroughly understand each other.

One name dominates the musical history of Russia: it is that of Michael Glinka. The author of *Life for the Czar* came to France in 1844. At a more recent epoch some symphonic fragments of his were performed at the Padeloup Concerts. Pieces from his operas figured in the programmes of the Russian concerts given at the Trocadéro, in 1878, during the Universal Exhibition; it will be remembered that his hymn of triumph, "Slavia," had the honours of an encore, and was received with enthusiastic approbation. Yet neither Glinka's life nor Glinka's works are well known in this country. We eagerly seize, therefore, the opportunity now offered us of publishing a few biographical notes regarding the founder of the Russian school of music. Most of these notes will be extracted from *Memoirs*, written in Russian by Glinka himself, and published, subsequently to his death, in a St Petersburg Review. Mme Schestakof, the great composer's sister, an enthusiastic worshipper of his memory, has very kindly forwarded us one of the rare copies of the *Memoirs*, printed separately, accompanying her gift with permission to publish the work in France. The form of the *Mémoires* did not allow of a translation *in extenso*, but we thought we should be acting in conformity with our readers' wishes if we gave a short account of Glinka's life. Before going further we may add—and it is a pleasure and a duty to do so—that for the power of carrying out our design to a successful issue we are indebted to the obliging kindness of M. Charles de Coutouly, a gentleman on the staff of the *Temps*, and well versed in Russian language and customs; had we not reckoned on his able and enlightened assistance we should never have attempted such a task.†

\* From *Le Ménestrel*.

† The most ample biography of Glinka is that written by M. Vladimir Stassof, Councillor of State, attached to the Imperial Public Library at St

## I.

Michael Ivanovich Glinka was born on the morning of the 20th May, 1804, in the village of Novospasskoïey (district of Smolensk), the property of his father, a retired captain. He was brought up by his grandmother on his father's side, an excellent old lady, who, like all grandmothers, adored her grandson. He had come into the world with a weak, nervous, and sickly constitution, an additional reason for attending to and petting him up, like the most cherished of spoiled children. Only his grandmother's affection made a mistake: it was not by keeping him always enveloped in furs in a room with the temperature reaching to twenty degrees Réaumur, and by stuffing him with cakes and sweetmeats, that anyone could hope to overcome his extreme nervousness, enrich his poorness of blood, and strengthen a tottering constitution. Glinka was ill all his life; all his life he nursed himself. His *Memoirs* are constantly full of fresh details concerning his visits to his doctors, the course of treatment prescribed and followed, and the results, which were generally disastrous. We will glide over these details, in which our hero appears to take especial pleasure, for fear we might deposeitise him through them.

Glinka's natural aptitude for music was manifested at a very early date, though it was at first mixed up with impressions of a different order, and grafted, as it were, upon religious ecstasy. The solemn ceremonies of the church at Novospasskoïey filled, he informs us, his young soul with poetic enthusiasm. But what entranced him more than aught else was the sound of the bells; he spent whole days imitating this divine music by pounding away on copper basins.

(To be continued.)

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of the music performed at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students on Saturday evening, January 31:—

Fugue, in C minor, Vol. 3, organ (J. S. Bach)—Miss A. Robinson, pupil of Mr H. R. Rose; Air, "With verdure clad," *Creation* (Haydn)—(accompanist, Miss Amy Good)—Miss Beare, pupil of Mr Goldberg; Allegro, from Sonata in C, Op. 24, pianoforte (Weber)—Miss Edith James, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson; Air, "O rest in the Lord," *Elijah* (Mendelssohn)—(accompanist, Miss Amy Hare)—Miss D. Harris, pupil of Mr W. H. Cummings; Romance (MS.), violin and pianoforte (Arthur J. Thomas, student), Messrs Sutton (Professors' scholar) and A. G. Thomas, pupils of Mr Prout and Mr Sainton; Recitative, "Eccomi sola ormai," and Aria, "In preda al duol," *Gli Ugonotti* (Meyerbeer)—(accompanist, Mr R. Harvey Löhr)—Mrs Egerton Brownlow, pupil of Mr Garcia; Andante Cantabile, from "Three Diversions," Op. 17, No. 2, organ (Sterndale Bennett), arranged under the author's inspection by Charles Steggall—Mr A. Lake, pupil of Dr Steggall; Grande Etude de Paganini, "La Campanella," pianoforte (Liszt)—Miss S. E. Bacon, pupil of Mr O'Leary; Frühlingssong (Mendelssohn)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley)—Miss Norman, pupil of Mr F. R. Cox; Nocturne, in E flat, Op. 9, No. 2, and Valse, in A flat, Op. 42, pianoforte (Chopin)—Miss Later, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Trios (MS.), "The First Flight" and "Kiss me, sweetheart" (Caroline Moseley, student)—Mrs Egerton Brownlow, Misses Cockburn and E. Thomas, pupils of Professor Macfarren and Mr Garcia; Dix-sept Variations Sériennes, in D minor, pianoforte (Mendelssohn)—Miss Amy Hare, pupil of Mr F. Westlake; Aria, "Pur dicesti" (Antonio Lotti)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley)—Miss Effie Clements, pupil of Mr Fiori; Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, in D, Op. 16, violin (Ferdinand David)—(accompanist, Mr R. Harvey Löhr)—Mr W. Sutton (Professors' scholar), pupil of Mr Sainton.

Petersburgh. It was published in the *Rousski Vistnik* (*Russian Messenger*) in 1858, a year after the composer's death. In 1868 there appeared at Moscow an excellent critical notice, also in Russian, by M. Hermann Laroche, under the title: *Glinka and his Place in the History of Music*.

An analysis of *Life for the Czar*, Glinka's most popular work, and an estimate of the part played by the composer, will be found in a work entitled: *Les Nationalités Musicales*, by M. Gustave Bertrand (Didier & Co., publishers). M. César Cui, composer and critic, of St Petersburg, wrote for the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris* (A.D. 1878) a series of articles headed "La Musique en Russie," in which Glinka plays a prominent part. Lastly, I myself published in the *Réforme* on the 15th September, 1878, a rather important article, under the title of "La Musique russe et la nouvelle école de Saint-Petersbourg," in connection with the Russian concerts at the Trocadéro. I may mention, likewise, a short Italian pamphlet written by Sig. Carozzi, in 1874, on the occasion of the performance of *Life for the Czar* at the Scala, Milan.—OCTAVE FORTUNE.



## A MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF THE ENCORE SYSTEM.

BY AN ACCURATE OBSERVER.

(Concluded from page 62.)

12. And, now, let us see how the case stands with regard to THE ARTIST.

Fortunately, I have almost exhausted all the arguments I intended using on this subject in treating of it as concerns the audience; and shall, therefore, have now but little more to say: although, really, the subject seems almost inexhaustible. But, as there appears to be a deeply-rooted, but most erroneous, impression in the minds of many artists that the encore is most desirable, if not the *Ultima Thule* of artistic desire, I must endeavour to prove to them that it is, not only perfectly unnecessary, but absolutely injurious to them. Now, I will ask any sane person if the desired end is not gained by the clear expression of the desire for a repetition of the piece (as denoted by the applause), without adding the labour and danger of its actual repeat? But it may, perhaps, be asked how, if encores be abolished, is this desire to be made manifest; how is the superior talent of an artist to be recognised? I reply, by the relative amount of applause. "But, as you say, and very truly, that applause interrupts the performance, destroys the illusion of the play, and drowns many a lovely and delicate piece of music, you would, of course, prohibit entirely all such tokens of approbation?" Not altogether; for a public performance totally unaccompanied by applause, at the right time and in a reasonable situation, is like lamb without the mint sauce, very insipid and unpalatable: as is painfully felt at a State concert.

13. But, allowing that applause be entirely dispensed with during the performance, are there not sufficient opportunities, at the change of scene and termination of the act, when such expression of approbation might be freely indulged in; and a clear distinction made as to the comparative merits of the performers? This is always done, and the distinction made to a nicety, *now*: but in addition to the applause and encores during the performance.

14. I have already spoken of the immense amount of fatigue, frequently to a most injurious extent, endured by the performer, in consequence of the encore; which, one would think, should enlist all artists into the ranks of those opposed to the system: yet we see these people absolutely *begging* for the encore; and evidently greatly disappointed if they fail to obtain it. Let me, then, remind them of that well-known peculiarity in human nature which leads men to estimate far more highly that which they covet but cannot obtain, than they do that of which they have easily obtained possession! From this it is evident that when the applause has failed to produce a repeat, the audience generally form a much more favourable opinion of the performance than they would had their foolish and unjust efforts been successful. This peculiarity is so well known, and so valuable to the performer, that I have often wondered why the public favourites do not avail themselves of the knowledge; thus deriving all the advantages (if there be any) of the encore without incurring the fatigue and risk.

15. And now for

## THE ACCOMPANISTS.

I have already alluded to the additional labour, without any participation in the supposed honour, entailed upon the accompanists by the encore; but I have not clearly pointed out what, in most cases, that labour really is. I might take the case of an ordinary piano accompanist, or of any other, or number of others, or of an orchestra; but, as the case of the latter will exhibit the evil of the system in one of its most glaring lights, I will confine myself to that combination.

16. It frequently happens, when an encore is obtained, that the band has had, during the day, a heavy, exhausting, and brain-soothing rehearsal; with, probably, a long morning performance afterwards, and have now before them a long and heavy opera. Yet are these really hard-worked men coolly requested to add to their labour by repeating, without additional fee or reward, a certain portion of their work: not, as one might almost suppose, because it was done badly, but on account of having done it *too well*!

17. But there is another objection, of even greater force, that the accompanists raise against this absurd and ruinous system. At best the encore lengthens an already sufficiently long performance: thus keeping the instrumentalists from the rest they so much need; but it constantly happens that the encore absolutely *endangers their lives*! For many of them have *last trains*, or *last busses* to catch: to accomplish which they are, in consequence of the encore, compelled to rush at the top of their speed through crowds of cabs and carriages, across wide and dangerous thoroughfares; and frequently, in spite of their hazardous endeavours, *miss* the 'buss, or train, after all: when they must either go to the expense of a cab (which few of them can very well afford), or walk home, probably through a drenching rain. And all this simply for the purpose of gratifying a few

vulgar, noisy youths, who scarcely know a musical A from a bumble bee!

18. Finally we have to take into consideration the interests of THE MANAGER (or Proprietor).

The ultimate effects of the ruinous system on him are, that in consequence of his *stars* having, by their double efforts, over-exerted themselves, he is frequently put to his wit's end to arrange matters so as to disappoint the public as little as possible; and in his endeavours he generally manages to come in conflict with one or more of his leading artists; while, in consequence of the late hours and hard work, the subordinates (band, &c.,) possessed of good, marketable talent, either demand, by-and-bye, higher terms, or transfer their services to other establishments where the labour is lighter or better remunerated. In fact, all the evils of this ruinous system, herein enumerated, effect, sooner or later, the manager, through his pocket.

19. Finally, though many unthinking persons may consider the objection trivial, there is the question of *gas*. Now, half an hour's gas in a large establishment like an Opera House, or theatre, is a matter of no trifling expense: and I think I may safely assert that, at the Opera, as a rule, should the Conductor be complacent and obliging, quite half an hour is added to the length of the performance by the encores: which means the burning of some pounds worth of gas; which, when multiplied by six, gives a tolerably heavy additional weekly bill for gas; to be paid out of the pockets of the manager, the audience, the artists or the underlings: and all to gratify the admirers of "Four!"

20. Now the Remedy for this wretched state of things stares one in the face. It is in the hands of all of the herein-described interested parties; any one of which, in its corporate capacity, can (with the assistance, perhaps, of this little brochure,) effectually put a stop to the nuisance: the Managers by means of notices, conspicuously placed, intimating that "No encores will be permitted;" the Artists by resolutely, but politely, declining to accept an encore; the Accompanists (if capable of withstanding the charge of "conspiracy,") by refusing to repeat any piece; and the Audience by the sensible majority invariably and determinedly, in imitation of their wise *confères*, the Wagnerites, stifling all attempts at injudicious applause: while the united efforts of the four interested parties would, easily and immediately, effect the total destruction of the monster,

## ENCORE.

P.S.—The right of translation and republication of this work is NOT reserved.

## VIENNA.

(Correspondence.)

The extraordinary interest excited by the "Mozart Cyclus" at the Imperial Operahouse has resulted in the probability that the Cyclus will be repeated in the autumn. The question has been raised whether a similar series of "model" performances, winding up with a piece written expressly for the occasion—a *Festspiel*, as it is termed—might not be given of all Weber's operas, with new scenery and dresses, and partially new casts. The idea, if realised, would have, at any rate, one good consequence: *Der Freischütz*, so often given on an emergency as a stop-gap, would be represented in a manner worthy its importance. It has, also, been proposed to organise a Meyerbeer Cyclus, or an Historical Operatic Cyclus, the latter to illustrate, by a series of great works, the development of German opera. In fact, to tell the truth, people manifest for the moment a tendency to go Cyclus-mad.—A Grand Vocal Festival is being organised to come off in the Spring. The Vocal Associations who took part last April in the Grand Historical Procession through the capital, commissioned Herr Karger to paint a picture commemorating the event. The presentation of this picture to the Emperor is to be accompanied by a musical festival, the principal features of which will consist of: 1. "A Festive Hymn"; 2. The formal presentation of the picture: "The best moment of the Festival"; and, 3. A grand banquet. The music of the Hymn is by Franz Mair.—The following programme for the Liszt Concert in March has been drawn up by the Abbé himself.

1. Mass for Men's Voices (C minor and major) with Organ Accompaniment; 2. Symphonic Poem: *Die Ideale*, or *Hungaria*; 3. "Die Glocken von Strassburg" for orchestra, mixed chorus, and baritone solo.

The first and the last piece are quite new here, and *Die Ideale* was never performed by anyone but Tausig. The Abbé will conduct the Mass himself.

CHRISTIANA.—Mlle Marie Wieck continues as successful as ever on her Scandinavian tour. She recently gave several brilliantly attended concerts here, and was especially applauded in compositions by Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, and Rubinstein.

## CARL TAUSIG.

## A SKETCH.

We may well deplore the early death of Carl Tausig. To most of us his fame is only traditional, told by those among us who were so fortunate as to hear him, and lately recalled by one of his most accomplished pupils. As is the case with Liszt, his master, only reports can guide us to a proper estimate of his greatness. While Rubinstein and Von Bülow have lived and worked here, it is Tausig's spirit only which moves among us, and whose subtle influence incites to lofty aspirations. And it is this that reconciles us to his cruel fate, that, while he passed away long before he had carried out his self-set mission, the fame of his short career gave renewed animation to his art. For, although such competent authority as Weitzmann has called him "the last of the virtuosi," we must regard this phrase as an exaggerated opinion of a German enthusiast, while we have among us players like Rubinstein, Von Bülow, Rummel, and Joseffy, all of whom were stimulated by Tausig's example, and one of whom is following directly in his footsteps. Yet so extraordinary was his technique, and his conceptions were offspring of so carefully a balanced mind, that criticism a trifle less sweeping may be accepted without reserve. The same Weitzmann spoke of him as the Mephisto among pianists, and Liszt remarked that "if Briareus with his hundred hands had conceived the idea of playing the piano, he would not have accomplished more than Tausig." Were it possible for any one to inherit all of the great master's qualities, Tausig would have been that heir. But Tausig himself never entertained such exalted expectations. It was he who pointed to Liszt, the last time he entered the social circle which his instructor had gathered around him, saying: "He is a giant; we are only men." And the last act of his life was an act of devotion. To hear Liszt he had postponed his departure on travels which were to benefit his health; in spite of illness he hastened to Leipsic. He heard Liszt; the next day he was prostrated by sickness; in two weeks he was dead.

Carl Tausig was born at Warsaw on the 4th of November, 1841. His father had considerable reputation as a piano teacher and player of the Thalberg school; and it was from his father that Carl Tausig received his first instruction. After five years of study, at the age of nine, he appeared at a concert given for charitable purposes. With this exception he allowed his talents to develop quietly in artistic seclusion; and he never assumed the rôle of infant prodigy, to thrust immature faculties upon an unwilling public. He was fourteen years old when his father brought him to Liszt. Von Bülow, who was then studying under Liszt, says he and his fellow disciples will never forget the admiration—in fact he is tempted to describe it as terror—which Tausig's first performance excited among the students at the Altenburg. All were electrified, and even Peter Cornelius, who was usually very conservative with his opinions, exclaimed: "He's the devil of a fellow!" La Mara, to whom the writer of this sketch is indebted for many facts concerning Tausig, has the following letter from Liszt referring to him: "I well remember how I wondered at his talent the first time I heard him. I hesitated to undertake his further instruction, and told his father that such gigantic talents would develop naturally with the fairest results. But Tausig insisted on remaining with me. He studied with remarkable zeal, led a retired life in Weimar, and sometimes had little quarrels with his fellow pupils, whom his sharp irony occasionally worried. They accused me of being very indulgent towards him; I could not be otherwise, for I loved him with all my heart."

In Weimar Tausig came under the influence of one of the leading minds of this century. The atmosphere was permeated by the genius of the foremost pianist, the great composer, and the man of almost universal culture. Inspired by his example, Tausig not only studied all the phases of the pianist's art—he penetrated into the arcana of the realm of sound. Harmony, counterpoint, and instrumentation were readily mastered by him; and the results of these labours appeared later on, not only in his original work, but also in his translations from the orchestra for the piano. He acquired ready command of several languages, and an astounding knowledge of mathematics. He is said to have been an excellent chess player, and "in fact," says Von Bülow, "his mental and digital gymnastics were equally extraordinary."

In January, 1858, he appeared for the first time in Berlin, at a concert given under Hans von Bülow's direction. His playing created intense excitement, being extravagantly praised by some and bitterly criticised by others. During the next three years he studied in retirement, declining systematically all invitations to play in public. Finally, Liszt pronounced him sufficiently matured to continue his labours independently. After appearing at a private concert in Dresden, Tausig chose Vienna as a residence, and arranged during the winter of 1861 a series of concerts, at which he displayed his own virtuosity, and produced orchestral works by Liszt, Wagner,

and Berlioz. These performances, owing to their radical tendencies, were far from being successful. After suffering bitter attacks from Viennese critics, Tausig again withdrew from the concert hall and engaged in deeper studies. For, however severely others might criticise him, Tausig's criticism of himself was severer still. In seclusion he began to polish and refine his conceptions, to restrain his passionate nature and make it more receptive of the spirit of the composers whose works he interpreted. When he had played in Vienna his individuality was stamped too clearly upon compositions, both classic and modern; there was lack of self-control and want of delicacy in his performance; the elements of his talent were displayed one by one, instead of being united in a single harmonious system. During this new course of self-education he visited Geneva, London, and Brussels, returning occasionally to Vienna, where he formed a warm attachment for Johannes Brahms.

It was not until 1865, only six years before his death, that his talents assumed thoroughly artistic proportions. During the years that had elapsed since he left Liszt in Weimar, he had been studying the elements of his disposition, analysing them, rejecting those he found worthless and developing those he thought belonged to an artist's nature. In 1865 Hans von Bülow organised a series of concerts in Berlin and persuaded Tausig to try his fortune in the northern capital. He yielded to his friend's persuasions, and in December appeared as a pianist at one of Bülow's concerts. All the bitter experiences of his previous career must have been forgotten in that first moment of complete triumph, when he retired among the shouts and plaudits of virtuosi and amateurs. After this his public appearances were a series of successes, and he had only to announce a concert to be sure of having the house sold out before the night for the performance arrived. To win the sympathy of a Berlin audience is no easy matter, and a musician who can gain its goodwill is pretty sure to find applause awaiting him everywhere. The best musicians of the last quarter of a century have been heard in Berlin, and a new comer must stand the test of severe comparison. Tausig's honesty of purpose was acknowledged even by those who differed from him in method, and this understanding of the seriousness of his efforts is said to have relieved occasionally his almost habitual melancholy. He never made concessions to those who seek only amusement in the performances of virtuosi; he adopted a high standard and kept it ever in view. Scarlatti, Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt were his favourite composers. The A flat major polonaise by Chopin was a specialty with Tausig. He made his *debut* before Liszt with it, and it remained, as he has himself remarked, his faithful "war horse" until his death. There was a natural declivity in the shape of Tausig's left hand (or, rather, his second right hand), which enabled him to sweep down the steep descent of the octaves in the bass, without fear of coming to grief. He was, contrary to his usual modesty, exceedingly proud of this performance, and when in good spirits would remark after playing it that no one could interpret it so well as he. Though Tausig's father had been a player of the Thalberg school, Carl Tausig never adopted the methods of that peculiar phase of pianism. Thalberg regarded a composition and a piano as a jockey does a race-course and a horse; the first as a certain distance between two points, the second as means to cover that distance in the shortest possible time. But Tausig, despite his legerdemain power of execution, scorned all the effects of clap-trap, and never strayed beyond the bounds of a decorously artistic interpretation. In Berlin he earned a world-wide reputation, and this city he gratefully made his home. He was received in the most aristocratic circles, where not only his virtuosity, but also his general culture, commanded profound respect.

(To be continued.)

FLORENCE.—The Royal School of Music has offered 100 francs for the best essay—"On the Art of the Organ in Italy, from the End of the Middle Ages down to the present Day."

HAMBURG.—Bizet's *Carmen* was produced at the Stadttheater for the benefit of the popular *prima donna*, Mdme Rosa Sacher. *Tristan und Isolde* is to be brought out in the spring. Herr Pollini has proved himself an indefatigable manager: *Nero*, *Die Rattenfänger*, the Mozart *Cyclus*, *Carmen*, and *Tristan und Isolde*, in one season!

ST PETERSBURGH.—Considerable improvement is manifest in the condition of Henri Wieniawski. Professor Zacharin declares that the patient will be restored to complete health, though he will have to give up playing for a long time. There is a question of organising a benefit for him. All the artists of repute, male and female, now in this capital would take part in it. A Musical Soirée, got up quietly, without preliminary advertisements, by MM. Auer, Brassin, and Dawydoff, assisted by Josef Wieniawski, the pianist, brought in upwards of 2,000 roubles.—A new opera, *A Night in May*, music by Rimsky-Korsakoff, has been produced at the Marie Theatre. The libretto is founded on a popular story of Gogol's.

## SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

(From our Correspondent.)

The execrable weather has found many victims in artistic as well as in other circles. Not only has it affected the artists, but it has actually attacked the managers and their subordinates. M. Vaucorbeil has had to succumb, and his stage-manager in chief, M. Mayer, has followed suite; so has his colleague, M. Carvalho, of the Opéra-Comique. The last-named gentleman is better than he was, but still keeps his room, except in the afternoon, when he goes down to the theatre for the purpose of superintending the rehearsals of *Jean de Nivelle*.

Every exertion is being made at the Grand Opera to hasten the production of *Aida*, and Verdi, it is said, will direct some of the rehearsals. Meanwhile Mdle Heilbronn will appear as Ophelia in Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*. Mdle Jenny Howe has made her debut as Rachel in *La Juive*. Being nervous, she was unable to do justice to her natural powers. Nevertheless, the impression she made was favourable. She may never become a tragic actress, but she possesses a voice of fine quality and extensive range. Experience may show that characters with more grace and tenderness are fitter for her than those requiring the exhibition of strong passion.—A provincial manager recently took places for a performance of *La Favorite*. To his intense dissatisfaction, the final air in the first act was omitted. Hereupon he brought an action against M. Vaucorbeil for promising the public more than he gave; in other words: for obtaining money under false pretences. The cause was brought before the court a few days since, and the verdict given against the plaintiff.

*Paul et Virginie* is still being performed at the Opéra-Populaire, with M. Stéphane and Mdle Ritter in the leading characters. M. Duprat's *Pétrarque*, after continual adjournments, will be produced within a few days.—It is rumoured that the third Théâtre-Français, formerly the Théâtre-Dejazet, is about to be sold and turned into a house for buffo opera.—A new piece with music, *Les Boussigneuls*, is announced at the Théâtre-des-Arts—music by Okolowicz. (*Hoch!*—DR BLIDGE.)

M. Baillet, professor at the Conservatoire, has been the victim of a robbery. The object stolen is a Lilliputian violin by Lupot, about a sixth as large as an ordinary instrument, distinguished for the perfection of its shape and the beauty of its varnish. The inscription runs thus: "*N. Lupot, luthier, Fr de la ch<sup>le</sup> de S.M.I. et R. à Paris, 1813.*" The case, which is black with brass fastenings, contained a bow by Tourte, the size of the bow corresponding to that of the instrument. There was, also, in one compartment a paper inscribed: "*Horoscope of the King of Rome.*" The horoscope, in Latin verse, begins: "*Sol de sole micans.*" This rare specimen of its maker's art was intended by Lupot as a present to the King of Rome (1813), but eventually given to M. Baillet's father, the celebrated violinist.—M. Emile Bourgeois, accompanist at the Opéra-Comique, has been created "Officier d'Académie."—Señor Fernando Aranda, professor of the pianoforte at the Conservatory, Madrid, is now in Paris. (*Hoch!*—DR BLIDGE.)

## THE KENNEDY FAMILY.

The Scottish vocalist, Mr Kennedy, and his family gave their opening entertainment at the Framjee Cowasjee Institute, on Monday evening, Dec. 29th, 1879, to a large and appreciative audience. The selections were principally Scotch songs and ballads, pathetic, and humorous, which were agreeably varied by the introduction of anecdote, English glees, and pianoforte duets. Mr Kennedy has a keen sense of humour, a fine voice, and clear delivery, which, combined with great imitative powers, serve to keep the audience thoroughly interested. The Misses Helen and Lizzie Kennedy are eminently pleasing vocalists, and sing with taste and expression, while their brother, Mr David Kennedy, is gifted with a magnificent baritone voice, exactly suited to the patriotic strains of the old Scotch poets. His superb delivery of "The March of the Cameron Men" was unequalled for vigour and intensity. The glee-singing, in which all took part, was a most successful feature, and comprised Spofforth's "Hail, Smiling Morn," Bishop's "Blow, Gentle Gales," and Calcott's "Fairies." Miss Helen Kennedy sang the touching ballad of "Auld Robin Gray" with exquisite sweetness, to which her subsequent rendering of the lively "Comin' through the rye" was a charming contrast, while that favourite picture of rural courtship "'Twas within a mile of Edinbro' toon" was given by Miss Lizzie Kennedy, with an attractive simplicity and in tones of perfect

melody that created a most favourable impression. Bruce's famous address to his army at Bannockburn was a declamation of the highest order, which Mr Kennedy delivered with stirring emphasis, that had a powerful effect on the audience; and the manner in which he sang the humorous "Get up and bar the door, O!" and the dying husband's farewell, "The Land o' the Leal," shows the vocalist has a facility of expression rare amongst singers. A pianoforte duet of "Reels and Strathspeys" was delightfully executed by the two young ladies during the pleasant and refined entertainment of two hours, which was brought to a close at 11 o'clock, by all joining in Burns' well remembered "Auld Lang Syne."

The Kennedys will remain here a fortnight and perform every night, changing the pieces on each occasion. The repertoire is large, and Kennedy's *Handbook of Scottish Songs*, printed for the vocalists by Messrs Henderson, Rait, and Fenton, of Marylebone Lane, contain 110 standard national songs, which is supplemented by numerous other selections, including English and Irish airs that are not published in it.—*The Times of India.*

## "THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY.

An exhibition will shortly open, which, at a time when there is so much controversy on the subject of female beauty, promises to be of some interest. The proprietors of *The Graphic* have commissioned most of the leading artists of the day, each to paint a head typifying his conception of Beauty. They have taken up the idea with great spirit, and the result is a number of admirably-painted heads, and doubtless there will be many discussions and differences of opinion as to which is the most beautiful. Among the artists who contribute are Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.; Messrs Alma Tadema, A.R.A.; E. Long, A.R.A.; P. H. Calderon, R.A.; G. D. Leslie, R.A.; J. J. Tissot; G. Storey, A.R.A.; Marcus Stone, A.R.A.; Philip Morris, A.R.A.; and others.

There will also be exhibited at the same time an important work, just finished, by Mr J. E. Millais, R.A., called "Cherry Ripe." It might well be called a challenge to Sir Joshua Reynolds, as it represents a charming little child in an old-fashioned costume, suggestive of the "Penelope Boothby" of the great master. Those who have had a glimpse of this picture pronounce it to be one of the finest works which Mr Millais has ever painted.

"*The Graphic*" Gallery, which is situated at No. 14, Grafton Street, one door from New Bond Street, will be opened to the Public on Monday, the 16th of February; and as the entire proceeds will be given to a Charitable Fund for Artists, no gratis tickets will, as is usually the case, be issued for a private view.

## TWO FRIENDS.\*

Ho! climb the mast, my little "mid,"	"Nay, captain," cried the little
Look far, far out to sea;	"mid,"
From o'er the foaming waters wild	"Thy fate my fate shall be,
Say, do the dark clouds flee?	"E'en death itself will not be drear
Captain, the storm clouds darker	So that I die with thee."
lower,	Thus band in hand they brave the
The sea-gull spreads its wing,	storm
And 'mid those surging waters wild	Till oreaks the morning light,
I hear our death knell ring.	When, sailing free o'er sunlit sea,
Then, sailors, quick the life-boats	A ship comes into sight.
man,	They're saved! with greeting glad
The women first we'll save,	are borne
Grasp well your oars, my crew, and	To their own happy shore, [heart
off—	And the man's heart and the boy's
Mine be the wat'ry grave.	Are one for evermore.

\* Copyright.

C. S.

BARCELONA.—Letters from Barcelona inform us of the success achieved in Meyerbeer's *Africana*, at the Liceo, by Signora Potentini, who has been well received at the most important theatres in Italy and elsewhere. Signora Potentini has a soprano voice of wide compass and pleasing quality, which enabled her to give considerable dramatic expression to the part of Selika. Her success was shared by the tenor, "Signor Byron" (an Englishman) whose fine voice, splendid method, and intelligent acting were enthusiastically applauded. Mdme Potentini and Signor Byron, who have won golden opinions from the public of Liceo, one of the most severely critical in its judgments, had to appear many times before the curtain at the end of each act. Mdle Clementina de Vére sang the part of Inez charmingly; and Signor Quintili-Leoni, the baritone, was an effective Nelusko. Meyerbeer's *Donorah* will be given shortly at the Liceo, with Mdle de Vére and Signor Byron.—"*The Traveller*" of Milan.



## THE LATE MR JAMES COWARD.

It has been claimed for the Church, with some show of reason, that she is the fruitful mother of all the arts. Certain it is that of late she has, for some purpose not clearly defined, attempted to regain the affection of certain of her alleged offspring whom in years gone by she fiercely repudiated and chased from her portal. It is out of place here to enter upon a discussion as to the parentage of the drama and the dance; but we may, at least, concede that the English Church has been the parent of the true English school of music and of English musicians, whether creative or executant. There is hardly a great composer, a great singer, or great instrumental performer in the rolls of English musical history, who has not sprung from the organ loft or choir. Memory at once supplies the names of Purcell, Gibbons, S. Wesley, Webbe, of the past; of Sterndale Bennett, Sullivan, Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, of our day. No exception to the rule, and no mean exemplification of our statement, is the late James Coward.

James Coward was born on January 25th, 1824. At an early age he became a member of the choir at Westminster Abbey, and was soon famous as a vocalist, the name of "Master James Coward" cropping up constantly in musical notices of nearly half a century ago. In this capacity he took part, as a soloist, in many musical celebrations, and was always lauded for the beauty of his voice, and his precociously mature rendering of the parts entrusted to him. The greatest testimony to his vocal talent is that he was deemed fit to sing solos in such company as that of Malibran.

For reasons obvious, and encouraging to those who have not displayed wonderfully early vocal talent, exceptional choir boys do not become great adult vocalists, but develop into our composers and instrumentalists; and this was the case with James Coward. On the failing of his youthful soprano voice he turned his attention to the organ, his first appointment, we believe, being to Lambeth Church. It is as an organist that he is best known to the public of the present day, especially the public of the Crystal Palace. Mr Coward filled the post of organist at the Crystal Palace for more than twenty years; in fact he was its first organist; the building having possessed no organ of its own till the erection of Messrs Gray and Davison's for the trial Handel Festival of 1857. It is hardly too much to say that the Crystal Palace and its late organist have popularised the organ in England, by developing powers latent in the instrument till it was used for the purposes of entertaining vast masses of people drawn from all strata of society. It was fortunate that the Crystal Palace chose as its first organist a man possessed of the exceptional ability necessary for such a task. A church organist of the first rank, and till his last fatal illness holding his own in that ilk, James Coward struck out a line at the Crystal Palace so uneclesiastical that it shocked many of the prudish. He was a wonderful improvisatore, as those who have privately witnessed his powers as a pianist will testify; he had marvellous finger technique; his dramatic instinct was strong; and he had unbounded faith in the capabilities of his instrument for any musical work to which it might be put. One of his most remarkable feats was, perhaps, the way in which he accompanied on the great organ such performances as those of Romah and the Hanlon Voltas. As has been well said by a high authority, "he seemed to lift the performers across the transept." Certain it is that the acrobats have often declared they preferred Mr Coward's accompaniment to that of a band. It may be objected that such uses derogate from the dignity of the organ; but the same can hardly be said of the holding of tens of thousands of people enchained by the playing of "Home, sweet home," "The last Rose of Summer," "The Blue Bells of Scotland," and other familiar melodies. It is the affability of the Crystal Palace great organ towards the masses that has so endeared it, beyond all other organs, to the people. One of the first questions asked by country visitors is, "When will the great organ play?" And it is not too much to say, that to James Coward is due the fame of his darling instrument. Like a skilful athlete, he always knew "when to come," and his rush was irresistible. It is on record, that the noisiest crowd has been quieted by the soothing strains of some popular melody played by Coward on the Handel Festival organ. It cannot be deemed below the dignity of an organist to be the Orpheus of such mighty assemblages. We may safely say that as long as the remembrance of the great organ in the Crystal Palace shall exist, so long will that remembrance be entwined with the name of its first organist.

But Coward is known to the musical world outside the Crystal Palace, not only as an organist but as a composer, and a composer in a peculiarly English school. His anthems and services are stock pieces in many of our churches; and no programme of the leading glee clubs—these institutions which keep the memory of our old English composers green—is complete without a part-song or glee by

Coward. He was conductor and accompanist of the Abbey and City Glee Clubs; and by winning we cannot say how many prizes in the above named class of competition, he proved himself a worthy successor of Webbe, Callcott, Wesley, Purcell, Goss, and other great composers. His principal forte as a composer lay in the direction we have indicated; but he has also written some fine songs and various works for his own instrument. Like all church-trained musicians, Coward was a sound harmonist and contrapuntist.

The Crystal Palace has seen little of James Coward during the past year; the terrible weather of the summer having prevented all hope that he might for a time rally from the illness which had seized him in its clutches during the preceding winter. He had surprising vitality; and every glimpse of returning strength sent him to his work again with fresh vigour. Indeed, his playing on the last occasion that he was at his post was as powerful as ever. But it was a last effort; and five months ago he returned home, never again to leave it. He died on Thursday, January 22nd, three days short of the completion of his fifty-sixth year; and was interred at the West London Cemetery, Brompton, on Wednesday last, the 28th ult. The funeral service took place at St Saviour's Church, Fimlico, the musical portion being sustained by members of the Westminster Abbey Choir, the Chapel Royal Choir, and other gentlemen. Amongst those present who attended in the church and at the grave, to pay the last honours to their dead comrade were the following:—Mr Joseph Barnby, the well-known conductor and composer; Mr Sidney Naylor; Mr F. Archer, organist of the Alexandra Palace; Mr C. S. Jekyll, organist of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal; Mr J. G. Boardman, who has acted as Mr Coward's deputy during his enforced absences from the Crystal Palace; Mr Marcellus Higgs, Mr George Fox, Mr P. Lawler, Mr P. Distin, &c. The Crystal Palace was represented by Major S. Flood Page, manager; Mr W. Gardiner, secretary; and Mr W. Grist; and amongst other friends of the deceased present were Messrs F. W. Wilson, Rees, Blenkinsop, and Ling.

Such was the closing scene in the story of James Coward, a scene as quiet and unostentatious as his life had been. But unostentatious though that life, it certainly made its mark upon the page of contemporaneous musical history; and as a humble contribution to the record, the foregoing poor but sincere tribute is penned by a friend and colleague whose prideful sorrow it is to have collaborated with Mr Coward in his last published vocal composition.

W. GRIST.

## JACQUES HERZ.

"Jacques Herz," says the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*, of the 1st inst., "who, three days since, might be termed the Nestor of living pianists, has just died at Nice. Ten years older than his brother Henri, Jacques Simon Herz was born on the 31st December, 1794, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. He came when very young to Paris, and it was in the Conservatory here that he studied music. He learned the piano of Pradher, and in 1812 carried off the first prize for that instrument. His powers of execution were highly appreciated during the early part of his career, but it was not long ere he ceased playing in public and devoted himself to tuition. He gave lessons almost to the end of his life, and formed a large number of pupils of whom several have done him great honour. With the exception of a few years spent in England, Jacques Herz scarcely ever left Paris. In 1857 he was temporarily substitute for his brother, as professor at the Conservatory. His compositions are rather numerous. Among them may be mentioned two Sonatas, one for piano and horn or violoncello, and the other for piano and violin; a Quintet for piano and stringed instruments; a "Rondo brillant"; pieces in various styles for piano (some for two and some for four hands). The funeral service was performed to-day, Sunday, in the Church of Sainte-Marie-des-Batignolles."

MONACO.—The splendid Théâtre du Casino, erected by M. Charles Garnier, architect of the Grand Opera, Paris, was formally inaugurated a short time since. The programme included fragments from Gounod's *Faust*, with Mme Carvalho and Faure (both specially engaged) as Marguerite and Mephisto.

WARSAW.—A monument has been erected to the memory of Chopin in the church of the Holy Ghost. It consists of a white marble bust of the composer in a niche lined with the same material. There are also two Genii, one of whom has traced upon a tablet the words: "To the memory of Frederick Chopin; erected by his fellow-countrymen. He was born at Wolga Zelazowa on the 2nd March, 1809, and died in Paris on the 17th October, 1849."





self on an equal footing with the leading members of the Austrian aristocracy. It was exclusively in his artistic eminence that he perceived his title to perfect equality, and he enforced his right, which was at once acknowledged, on every one. Borne unnoticed on the stormy wind of revolutionary ideas which was already blowing violently from France, Beethoven won for musicians a social position of which Haydn and Mozart in their modesty never dreamed. It was under the patronage of the Emperor Joseph, the founder, properly speaking, of German opera in Vienna, that Mozart wrote his first German Singspiel, † *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. The work was produced, in July, 1782, with unexampled success, and a month later the composer's marriage with his beloved Constance, whom it had cost him such efforts to win, was solemnised in St Stephen's Church. Thus, with every one of his operas are connected familiar reminiscences especially dear to us Viennese. It is in these reminiscences and in the biographical connection of the operas that we perceive the real idea which, after the lapse of a hundred years, lies at the bottom of a continuous representation of the seven operas in question. They are united by no inward necessity; the æsthetic thread on which the seven gems are strung in a row is so slender as to be invisible. As to any coherence, like that of Döngelstedt's Shakspeare Cyclas at the Burgtheater, nobody thinks of such a thing. In this series of operas there is not even a constant growth, a sevenfold rise, as in the diatonic scale, far less the continuous development and gradual perfection of some musically dramatic principle which Mozart had in his eye from the outset. What strikes us most in the series is not so much their continuity as the absence of that quality. The Italian *Idomeneo* moves in the conventional forms of the old "opera seria," and immediately afterwards *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* opens a new era in operatic history. Yet, despite the extraordinary and lasting success of this national German Singspiel, which, to use Goethe's expression, "struck down everything else," we behold Mozart forthwith abandoning this field also, and writing three Italian operas (*Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Così fan Tutte*) one after another. Then, in the last year of his life, he gives us another German opera, *Die Zauberflöte*, and after this, his greatest popular triumph, another conventional Italian "Court Festival" opera: *La Clemenza di Tito*. These are riddles to be solved only by impartial examination of the history of Mozart's life. His sympathies were, properly speaking, divided between Italian and German opera. His national feeling impelled him to German, but his sense of art and music to Italian opera. Italian opera possessed a fully developed form of art reposing on sure traditions; German Singspiel resembled an undeveloped, helpless child, who had yet to be educated. How richly was Italian opera then mounted, how admirably was it executed by the best singers, how was it honoured and loved at all German Courts—how poverty-stricken and neglected was, on the other hand, German Singspiel! I believe that, as a man, Mozart sympathized more with German, but as an artist more with Italian, opera. Thus, partial to both kinds, he followed in every case the changing circumstances, if not external pressure. He was no doctrinaire, no partisan of a certain fixed principle. He, therefore, eagerly seized on everything, either when commissioned to do so or urged thereto by his own feelings, which promised to advance him artistically. He felt probably in his heart that whatever he wrote, either to a German or an Italian text, would ultimately profit his country. He was a child of his time; the true expression of his time, then "becoming" new. The full reflection of Italian, and the modest morning-red of German opera, were visible side by side on the horizon. Mozart aided German opera to conquer, not merely by his writing German operas, but by his filling them with German feeling.

Mozart's operas, as they follow one another, not merely fail to illustrate the continuous development of a fixed theoretical thought or of a principle of style, but do not even testify to a constant increase of his creative power. After *Idomeneo* and *Die Entführung*, he soars up in an extraordinary degree to *Figaro* and *Don Juan*, those culminating points of his creations; then he sinks somewhat, as though with fatigued pinion, to *Così fan Tutte*; raises himself again marvellously in *Die Zauberflöte*, but finally, in *Titus*, is able to recover only partially his exhausted strength.

† Singspiel, a "play with songs," or an "opera with spoken dialogue."—TRANSLATOR.

The remarkable contrast between his first two operas—after *Idomeneo* comes *Die Entführung*—is repeated still more strangely in the last two; after *Die Zauberflöte* comes *Titus*. In vain will those æstheticians and puny historians of civilization, who hear the grass of necessity growing, attempt to prove here a necessary internal connection. Even Mephisto's all-powerful logic with "One, two, three" would have to renounce the task of demonstrating that the way in which Mozart's operas follow each other is an organic development of an "idea." The series, considered in relation to the energy of creative power, does not exhibit a rising step by step, a sinking step by step, or lastly, an unbroken stay on the same level. This inequality strikes us more forcibly, perhaps, in Mozart than in any one else, because his name suggests the highest possible excellence, but the case is by no means an isolated one. On the contrary, the great composers whose operas maintain an equal elevation, unless when they rise above it, form the rare exception. There are several insignificant operas, such as *Paris und Helena*, *La Cythère assiégée*, &c., embedded at a far greater depth below Gluck's masterpieces than *Così fan Tutte*, for instance, is below *Don Juan* and *Die Zauberflöte*. Beethoven stopped at *Fidelio*, in every sense his unique opera. And Carl Maria Weber? Anyone considering *Euryanthe* an advance on *Der Freischütz* (the advance, in my opinion, is rather one of desire than ability; an advance against one's own nature) must see a falling-off in *Oberon*. The stars of the second magnitude, Marschner, Spohr, and Lortzing, repeatedly fell off before, between, and after their best creations, not merely so many steps, more or less, but so many terraces. Meyerbeer—without experiencing any precipitous falls, (that is: thorough operatic failures) never reached a second time the height of *Robert* and *Les Huguenots*. Strictly speaking, Richard Wagner is the only operatic composer whose works show constant progress, a genuine evolution of style out of *Rienzi* to *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*; then onward to *Die Nibelungen*, and probably still further to *Parzifal*. Whether his later operas exhibit a rise in his power of musical creation is a matter of opinion. We ourselves believe they do not, but they are unquestionably consistent realisations, constantly developed, more sharply marked, and further extended, of his peculiar art-theory. He cannot be charged with sudden and abrupt changes; the atmosphere, as far as its component elements are concerned, is the same in *Lohengrin* as in *Tristan* or *Rheingold*, but it becomes with each succeeding work more rarified, sharper, and colder, so that at length we cannot possibly breathe. All true lovers of music will probably welcome the solemn Mozart Week as a set-off, for only once, against the *Nibelungen*-Cycluses, at present so popular. Now-a-days, a new and careful performance of Mozart's operas can, of a certainty, be followed only by the beneficial result of making people learn to feel more simply, to listen with greater pleasure, and to sing better.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

#### THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—There seems a tendency in this age among composers to follow in the steps of Richard Wagner and "the Music of the Future." I observe in some of the new operas that have lately appeared an over-strained and undue anxiety for dramatic effect. The music is sacrificed to the drama! Recitative is the main feature. Very little air exists, and that not what "can be carried away." In fact, we seem to be going back to the opera in its first days; in its embryo. It was then that the attempts to revive Greek Tragedy gave birth to recitative, a sort of compromise between speaking and singing, called "*musica parlante*." This essentially tame and insipid method, of course, was not long tolerated by a music-loving people, and airs and instrumental music were gradually introduced with the progress of the art of music, until the opera culminated in the triumph of Mozart's *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. Having arrived at such perfection, why should we, in this nineteenth century of intellectual progress, go back to the first ages? For, as Mendelssohn said in a letter to Zelter from Rome, shocked at the Gregorian chant, "If in former times things were not deeply felt, or could not be done better, we can do better now." Whether in sacred or in secular music, it is absurd to take the principles of antiquity for our models when music, unlike sculpture, did not attain to maturity

or perfection until modern times. Herr Richard Wagner's theory is, that music and poetry are no longer to act independently, but each are to assist each other, and neither is to be esteemed on its own account. He comes before the world as a reformer on "true æsthetic principles," unfettered by old laws and conventionalities, and melody the soul, the life of music—as breath is to the body—is to be excluded as far as possible from his compositions and his principles! He professes to originate something more and higher than what has been achieved by the great masters, and protests against the established form of opera as "degenerate and a mistake," substituting instead one in which the forms of air, duet, &c., are rejected as unnatural.

Now, to dispense with everything that is unnatural in music, surely is to dispense with *art*; for what is art but the power of improving and adapting nature to our needs? In Wagner's music the ideal of beauty seems excluded. Practice is sacrificed to *theory*, and we are perplexed by endless sequences of discords, which, when resolved at last, leave something undone, something wanting. His overtures, instead of being a preface or complete outline of his operas, are merely "introductions to introductions"; and his marches, which have the most music in them, are dull and obscure.

I do not believe for a moment that this school will be what it designates itself, "The Music of the Future," but I regret to see a tendency amongst some of the composers of the present day to follow in the steps of this eccentric "art reformer," who, in the absence of true genius, endeavours to make a sensation by unnatural means. To ignore what has been done by great and master minds, shows at once the hollowness of the man. Greatness always appreciates greatness, and the test of a great work is shown by the long and lasting hold it takes upon the public mind. We see this in all departments of knowledge. The books of the ancient philosophers, learned men, and poets are the studies of the nineteenth century scholar. The works of the ancient sculptors, mediæval painters, as well as those of the old masters in music, have been the guides of painters and musicians ever since.

Though the Wagner School of Music has made some sensation in Germany, it has as yet had little weight in England; neither will it, I believe, prevail here or elsewhere. It is simply one of the *spurts* of an unimaginative scientific age, which will soon evaporate. Let all true lovers of music resist such an encroachment on the sublime art as treacherous and injurious to its cause.

I am, yours faithfully,

MUSICAL AGITATOR.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTE.

On resigning his post as Conductor at the Grand Opera, M. Charles Lamoureux visited London with the object of rendering himself acquainted with the English concert-system. No sooner has he returned than he is off to Italy to inspect the theatres there. He next goes to the principal towns of Austria and Germany to study the organisation of the grand musical festivals. He will make a special point of attending a performance of Bach's *Passion* at Leipsic, after which he intends returning to England, to observe the working of the great musical societies. The information derived from his wanderings M. Lamoureux proposes devoting to the realisation of his scheme for endowing Paris with a system of concerts superior to any yet known. (*Hoch!* DR BLIDGE.)

CHEMNITZ.—A posthumous three-act comic opera by Gustav Härtel, who died in 1876, has been produced here.

MONTIGNON.—M. E. Desmazon, a lithographer of great eminence, and author of the best lithographic portraits of Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, &c., has died here, aged 64.

LEIPSIC.—The programme of the fourteenth Gewandhaus Concert was of a varied description: Part I. Symphony (No. 8, F major), Beethoven; Two Choral Songs: "Das Dörfchen" and "Das Schiffelein," Schumann; Bachanal from the ballet, *Achille à Scyros*, Cherubini (first time). Second Part. Overture to Calderon's *Dame Kobold*, Reinecke; "Schiksalied," for chorus and orchestra, Brahms; Variations on Haydn's "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser," executed by the entire stringed orchestra; "Chorus of Dervishes," "Turkish March," and "Solemn March and Chorus," from *Die Ruinen von Athen*, Beethoven.

#### CONCERT.

MISS BEATA FRANCIS gave a *soirée musicale d'invitation* on Wednesday, the 29th ult., at 46, Princes Gate. Miss Francis was ably assisted by Mr James Sauvage, Signor Li Calsi, and Herr van Biene. Three new songs were introduced upon this occasion, accompanied by their respective composers, Mrs Freake, Sir William Robinson, and Signor Li Calsi. Notwithstanding the density of the fog, a large company assembled to honour Miss Francis and the able artists assisting her. All passed off successfully, and the *soirée* altogether was a brilliant success.

#### PROVINCIAL.

NEWARK.—The *Newark Advertiser*, in noticing the concert of Mr Lilley at the Town Hall, on the 20th ult., thus speaks of Miss Isabel Chatterton, the contralto (pupil of Mr Frederic Penna):—

"Since her last appearance in her native town she has made a decided advance in public favour, and is now a very popular ballad singer. . . . She gave a sacred air by F. Penna, 'Ave Maria,' with great expression, and was warmly applauded. Miss Chatterton also gave Henry Smart's 'Lady of the Lea' with touching effect, as the applause and encore that ensued were sufficient to prove. This young lady has a future before her."

GLASGOW.—The programme of the Saturday Popular Concert at St Andrew's Hall, on January 3rd, was made to suit a "holiday" audience, although the instrumental compositions were chiefly by Spohr, Mendelssohn, Rameau, &c. The singer was Signor Foli. Herr Mahr, a violinist of more than ordinary talent, played the *adagio* from Spohr's Ninth Concerto, and a brilliant Polonaise by Laub. The *Evening News* says:—

"In Spohr's lovely *adagio* Herr Mahr played with fine expression, all the requisite fire and dash being also noticeable in his execution of the Polonaise, in which his double-stopping was particularly good."

SOUTHPORT.—The orchestral band, under Mr A. E. Bartle, occupied its position in the Pavilion yesterday afternoon and evening, when choice and carefully selected programmes were produced. In the evening there was a fairly numerous audience, the extra attraction being Mdle Victoria de Bunsen, a vocalist of very considerable merit, and we were pleased to notice that on her second appearance, when she sang some charming Swedish melodies, her rich and full tones, good enunciation and exceptional compass of voice, obtained for her a determined *encore*. Amongst the instrumental music was reproduced the ballet music from *Silvia*—music which scarcely any audience could fail fully to appreciate. It is lively, pretty, and full of pleasant passages, which one cannot help retaining long after the orchestral sounds have ceased.—*Southport Visitor*, Jan. 13.

YORK.—The last concert of the Musical Society was given in the Festival concert room. The singers were Mdme Trebelli, Mrs Osgood, Mr Shakespeare, and Signor Zoboli, with M. Musin, as violinist. Mdme Trebelli's great hit was made in Mr Cowen's new song, "Regret," which, being unanimously encored, the accomplished contralto substituted the "Gavotte" from *Mignon*, which, being received with equal favour, she again obliged her admirers with the "Habanera" from *Carmen*. Mrs Osgood, who made her first appearance in York on this occasion, justified her London reputation by an unaffectedly expressive rendering of Spohr's "Rose softly blooming" (*Azor and Zemira*), after which she was twice called back to the platform and more and more applauded. Mrs Osgood also gave Roedel's "That traitor love," and being again applauded and called back, sang "Comin' through the rye" with charming *naïveté*. She also took part in Verdi's famous "Miserere" and other concerted pieces. Mr Shakespeare earned golden opinions by the pure and genuine style in which he sang "Un aura amorosa" from Mozart's *Così fan Tutte*, and his highly intelligent reading of "The Message" (Blumenthal). M. Musin's easy command of the violin was exemplified by his artistic execution of Ernst's very difficult *Otello* fantasia. In addition he showed his mastery of other styles in a "Berceuse" and other pieces. He was "called" after each performance. Mr Cowen, as pianist, thoroughly sustained his high repute. Mr Shaw conducted.

GLASGOW.—At the seventh Popular Saturday Concert, in St Andrew's Hall, under the direction of Mr August Manns, the attendance was all that could be desired. The *Glasgow Herald* writes (I quote from memory, having only once read the article) as follows:—

"The programme opened with a concerto for organ and orchestra (No. 2), one of Handel's grand old works. Dr Peace, the organist, played in exceptionally fine style. Equally happy were the orchestral accompaniments, Mr Manns carefully subduing and keeping the instruments in hand,

so that the organ in its *piano* passages was distinctly heard. At the conclusion, Dr Peace was warmly applauded. The feature of the evening was Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, No. 6, Op. 68. Rarely has a finer interpretation of this great orchestral work been heard in our more and more musical city. The second part opened with the overture to Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, executed with such brilliancy that at its close vigorous cheers were given. The applause continuing, Mr Manns turned to the orchestra and indicated to its members that he desired them to rise *en masse* and make their acknowledgments, which they promptly and unanimously did. The gentlemanly feeling which suggested the idea to Mr Manns of so closely allying himself with his forces was thoroughly appreciated by the audience. Thomas' gavotte from *Mignon* was delicately handled; Strauss's waltz went "dancingly;" while Gounod's ballet music from *Cinq Mars*, coming at the end of a concert already too long, was not fairly listened to, half the audience quitting the hall before the first of the six numbers had begun.\* The vocalist of the evening was Miss Agnes Henderson, who on the occasion made her *debut* in Glasgow. This young artist is at present studying at the Royal Academy of Music in London. Her appearance on Saturday evening was an encouraging success. Miss Henderson's voice, if as yet not very powerful, is, in the greater portion of her register, of good quality and generally in tune, and what is of equal importance, she sings with that degree of appreciative intelligence which is rarely met with in so young an artist. Like all ardent beginners, she is inclined to take too much out of the music, which tends to over-expression, and takes away from that smoothness essential to perfect singing. Miss Henderson first gave "Deh vieni non tardar," from Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, which was well received. Her next song was F. Clay's "She wandered down the mountain side," followed later on by Sullivan's popular "Let me dream again," which was probably the best effort of the three, many passages being sung with good effect. Altogether, Miss Henderson has good reason to be satisfied with her success of Saturday, and it ought to encourage her to renewed and diligent study, without which there never was a great singer."

[\* This is the besetting sin at all such concerts, both in the country and the capital. Herr Manns should enforce at Glasgow the admirable principle he enforces for the greater part at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham—a little, but good.—W. D. D.]

#### ITALIAN CONSERVATOIRES OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—I shall feel much obliged if you can inform me, through your columns, how to obtain entrance into Bologna and Milan Conservatoires, and if the instruction in music is given gratis to Scotchmen who have talent for music. GAVIN.

[Our columns are open. Possibly an Irishman might claim the privilege; but an Irishman is one thing, a Scotchman another. It should be borne in mind that, though a Welshman is an Englishman, an Englishman is not a Welshman. So of a Manxman and a Wightman. A Scotchman is doubtful, as the people of Bologna and Milan hate John Knox, and expect Queen Mary (loveliest of Papists) to come back (with King Arthur) and achieve the work which Guido Fawkes attempted. For these and other reasons, a Scotchman is doubtful. Schira might know.—D. B.]

#### SONG OF THE "LOVER'S LEAP." \*

O merrily sing the waters blythely,  
In glea of the "Lover's Leap";  
Their foam more white, from the sun-  
ray's light,  
Where the gold beams ride asleep,  
Asleep, while borne so swiftly so-  
on, dream-tush'd by the streamlet's low  
sweet song,  
'Tween banks where the azure hare-  
bells grow,  
And meadow-sweet rain their frag-  
rant snow.

'Ye waters that warble so blythely  
now,  
Of what's your ly's fair theme?  
Is it some secret of joy ye know,  
So glad and so gay ye seem?  
'We chanting bow o'er our stony  
bed,  
As we've done thro' years that now  
are dead,  
Love evermore the theme of our lay  
Thro' by-gone years, as it is to-  
day!

"We love to bask with the sunlight's kiss,  
It breatheth thro' every hour,  
From Nature's lips, in a paean of bliss,  
She tells of its mystic power.

To men we know 'tis the crown of light  
That beacons life thro' its darkest night,  
For our little floats down from the gates above,  
Whose pass-word bright unto man is 'Love!'

\* Copyright.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

#### A BISHOP IN NUBIUS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In the columns of your esteemed contemporary, the *Choir*, we read that Bishop Oxenden, late Metropolitan of Canada, regardless of fog, has been lucubrating in strange fashion. The occasion was the opening of a new organ at Trinity Church, Dover, and certainly no time could have been more inopportune to deal a back-handed blow at "the handmaid of religion" than that selected by the worthy Bishop. It might be fair matter for speculation, how far the idiosyncrasies of certain dignitaries, when dealing with matters of an abstract nature, become unsettled by the interpenetrable atmosphere affecting latitudes close to the "silver streak." Fog in mental as in material things is a distorting medium, and is apt to render hazy things that seem familiar. At least, such was our opinion when reading the annexed prelection. It has been said that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," but the aphorism is not of universal application. It only becomes dangerous when it is made the cover to an amount of ignorance which would certainly remain concealed, but for the possession of the small modicum above referred to. Here, at least, we have the strongest possible evidence that no amount of erudition in matters theological will compensate for lack of knowledge in matters musical on the part of those clerical gentlemen who so continually thrust themselves into the domain of music. We let the paragraph speak for itself:—

"But I must guard you against an error which I believe to exist in some minds. There are persons who are great lovers of music, and who will say that the well executed music of services in itself conduces to devotion; that it prepares the heart and fits it for the exercise of prayer and praise. I believe this to be an entire mistake. There is doubtless a melting of the affections which beautiful music sometimes produces, calling forth the more tender and higher senses of the man; but the heart may be elevated without being drawn to God; it may soar above the earth and yet be no nearer heaven. Do not depend upon these elevated sentiments. They are like counterfeit silver, which produces a certain effect, but bears not the impress of the King of kings. Do not mistake me, music may be regarded as the handmaid of religion; and in this respect it may be of great service to us. It may be made subservient to devotion, but it will never create it. This is my point; it will never in itself create devotion. There is a vast difference in the feelings awakened by the sounds of music and the feelings which God himself inspires. One is earthly; the other is heavenly. The one is of man's creation; the other, God's. The one only touches the senses, and is, therefore, evanescent; the other penetrates the soul, and, therefore, lasts for ever."

"Great lovers of music" say nothing of the sort. They do say, however, that well executed *sacred* music is an efficient aid to devotion, and, doubtless, draws the heart nearer to true worship, than the dreary platitudes of many of our quondam musical clergymen. But enough. We have no desire to indulge in the *tu quoque*. *Ne auctor ultra crepidam.*

WEISTAR.

According to the *Gazette des Femmes*, there are in France 1,700 women who are authoresses; 2,150 painters and sculptors. Most of them were born in the provinces. Of the authoresses, 1,000 write romances or moral tales for youth; 200 lyric and other poetry; and about 150 educational works. Of the artists, 107 are sculptors, 602 painters of still life, 193 miniature painters; 754 painters on china; and 494 painters on fans, &c.

COPENHAGEN.—Ambrose Thomas' *Mignon* has been produced at the Theatre Royal. Great approbation was expressed of the first two acts. The cast was good, especially Mlle Auguste Schou as Philine.—The programme of the second concert given by the Musical Society comprised Rheinberger's "Demetrius Overture," *Le Déluge*, by Saint-Saëns, and a new Symphony by Emil Hartmann.—Edward Grieg, the Norwegian composer, has been stopping here some time, and proposes shortly to give a concert.

BRUSSELS.—*La Flûte Enchantée* is still pursuing its triumphant course at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. *Der Freischütz* and *La Bernoise* are in rehearsal, but will not be produced till after the performances to be given by Mad. Albani.—A so-called comic opera: *La Princesse Marmotte*, libretto by MM. Clairville, Gastineau, and Busnach, music by M. Laurent de Rillé, has been brought out at the Théâtre des Galeries-Saint-Hubert. Well got up and well performed, it is drawing good houses.



## RACINE AND MUSIC.\*

(Continued from page 76.)

The account of the setting of *Athalie* to music might stop here, had not books very much read by the public, and more especially by the unprofessional public, who are perfectly contented with superficial information, propagated in connection with the subject errors and, worse than errors, accusations, which it behoves us to notice out of respect for those who read them and also for Mendelssohn himself. M. Félix Clément, for instance, writes in his *Musiciens Célèbres*: "It was a very strange notion to translate Racine's magnificent strophes into German words, and call the music written to this translation: '*Chœurs d'Athalie*.' The result has been a hybrid work, in which we should search in vain for the turn and harmony of the French verse. The composer drew his inspiration solely from the general sense of the work, and, in his character of a thorough German, considered Racine's poetic forms not sufficiently valuable for a musician to trouble himself about; for, wishing his work to be known in London, he had an English translation likewise made. When this setting of the choruses of *Athalie* was recently executed in Paris, both in the course of the performances at the Odéon, and at the Athénée Concerts, it was necessary to adapt Mendelssohn's music to the French verses, even though, to satisfy the exigencies of accent and prosody, crotchets had to be changed into quavers, rests to be suppressed, notes to be added, &c. Despite these alterations, tainted with vandalism towards a masterpiece of our literature, we may point to several fine pieces in the work of the Hamburg master, such as the choruses: 'Sion, chère Sion, ô réveil plein d'horreur,' the duet: 'D'un cœur qui t'aime,' the effect of which is very pleasing, and the orchestral march in the fourth act. The overture is a brilliant symphony, which appears to have nothing at all to do with the Biblical tragedy. In this case, even the intonation of antique colour is totally wanting."

In this article there are almost as many errors as lines, without speaking of mere utterances of opinion, which fortunately do not possess the same importance as facts. In the first place, Mendelssohn was as well acquainted as any one with the masterpieces of our literature; he was fully aware of the value of Racine's tragedies; and it was to the original French text that he composed his score, first written for a female chorus with a simple pianoforte accompaniment. In 1844, he composed the overture and the Priests' March; lastly, in 1845, he returned to the choruses written two years previously, transcribed them for soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass, and scored the whole work for full band. The music, we emphatically repeat, written originally to the French verses, was afterwards adapted to a German translation—the Germans alone might disapprove of such a course—and the score, engraved with the French and the German text, was published in Leipzig by Breitkopf and Härtel, a very long time before there was any thought of performing it in Paris. As for the English translation, Mendelssohn should not be blamed so severely for it, seeing he had nothing to do with it, having died long before it was made; if it is somewhat eccentric or harsh to the ear, the fault must be charged to Mr Bartholomew, who, however, no doubt did his best.†

It was M. Padeloup, I feel pretty sure, who first introduced Mendelssohn's choruses in Paris. The performance dates as far back as the 21st December, 1866; it took place in the rooms of the Athénée, then devoted to lecture-concerts, and it was a great singer, an artist by blood, Mad. Vandenhuevel-Duprez, who undertook the solos in conjunction with Mdles Oxtoby and Mayer. The example thus set was followed by the Société des Concerts, who ought to have given it; at the end of January, 1867, they executed in their turn Mendelssohn's score, with M. Maubant to recite the necessary fragments of the tragedy; Mdmes Vandenhuevel-Duprez, Barthe-Banderali, and Wertheimer sang the solos, but at the second performance it was necessary to secure the services of Mdle Peyret, a student of the Conserva-

tory, in the place of Mdle Wertheimer. From the concert-room, Mendelssohn's score soon passed to the theatre, going first to the Odéon, in June, 1867, with M. Padeloup as conductor, and Mdles Fourch (subsequently Mad. Fursch-Madier), Oxtoby, and Fauchet, as solo singers; and then in December, 1873, under the direction of M. Colonne, and with the co-operation of Mdles Edma Breton, Sauné, and Poliani.‡ In short, it has up to the present been performed, in concert-rooms and theatres, ten or twelve times, obtaining, on each repetition, a well-marked success. But the latter had no very durable results, for works conceived in this severe style never attract more than an exceedingly limited public, and the series of amateurs desirous of hearing Racine's sacred tragedy and Mendelssohn's sacred music together is very soon exhausted. It must be recorded, moreover, that at every one of the performances on the stage, it was far less Racine than Mendelssohn who excited a certain eagerness among the public, and that on each occasion, alas! the Christian poet had to yield the precedence to the Israelitish composer: "Dieu des Juifs! tu l'emportes!"

Mendelssohn's score starts with a fine overture, heard much more frequently and, in consequence, much better known than the rest of the work. It gives us, as it were, a summary of the tragedy, from the sacred chords on the trombones, which appear as though summoning to prayer every one connected with the temple; from the song of the Levites, asking Heaven for victory; and the trumpet-calls announcing the combat; from the confused *mêlée*, in which we hear resound, while the struggle is going on around, the prayer of the Levites encouraging their brethren, down to the repetition of the initiatory canticle, bursting out, at the end of the overture, into a hymn of triumph, which, borne upwards on the strains from the harps of Sion, rises to Heaven. The other purely instrumental piece, the March of the Priests, which opens the fourth act, strikes me as not possessing the same value; true, we find in it that science of instrumentation and that knowledge of effect which characterise Mendelssohn's talent, but we find, also, that prolonged use of technical formulas, and that fatiguing repetition of purely scholastic processes, which re-appear so often in his religious or Biblical works; which cause erudition to prevail greatly over ideas; and which impart to certain pieces deep monotony and an equal amount of frigidity. Perhaps this defect is nowhere more perceptible than in several parts of *Athalie*, in which the composer seems to employ all the resources at his command to spin out his idea in certain choruses, irreproachable in regularity but developed in too pedantic a fashion, with pedal notes, progressions, harp arpeggios, counter-subjects in the orchestra, batteries or arrangements of triplets, without even speaking of the original idea, occasionally very common, or of the orchestration which sometimes achieves brutal and coarse sonority by the abuse of the brass and by the shrill notes of the pistons.

No doubt there are in *Athalie* really fine pages, such as the first chorus: "Tout l'univers est plein de sa magnificence!" a piece of broad inspiration, the merits of which Mendelssohn felt very well, since he repeats it, without any reason for so doing, at the end of the tragedy; there are, also, some delicious melodies, especially in the phrases confided to the soloists. For instance, the duet with chorus: "O bienheureux mille fois," and the trio in E flat, for sopranos: "D'un cœur qui t'aime," are numbers full of grace and candour; but the defects I pointed out above are none the less very palpable, and frequent enough to deprive the work of much of its charm, and prevent our classing it among its composer's best efforts. It even happens that defects and good qualities are so mixed up in one and the same piece, that we pass immediately from a good passage to a mediocre one, or from a worse to a better. In the choruses of the second act, for instance, after the tender and graceful commencement: "O bienheureux mille fois, l'enfant que le Seigneur aime;" there defile before us long pages in which we find nothing but monotonous and cold correctness;

\* From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*.

† It is a subject of deep regret to see such errors reproduced in so fine a publication as the *Grands Écrivains de la France*, and in so well written a notice as M. Mesnard's. The reader is referred for further details to the learned arguments of M. Félix Grenier in the article on *Mendelssohn et sa Critique*, prefixed to M. Grenier's complete translation of the *Souvenirs de Ferdinand Hiller sur Mendelssohn* (Paris, Baur, 1877).

‡ At the first of these revivals, which took place in the full tide of the Exposition Universelle (29th June, 1867), the following was the cast: Joad, Beauvallet; Abner, Taillade; Mathan, Laute; Athalie, Mdme Agar; Josabeth, Mdle Férida; Zacharie, Mdle Sarah Bernhardt; Joas, little Hébert. At the revival of the 20th December, 1873, two days before Racine's anniversary, the same characters were filled respectively by MM. Richard, Masset, Laute, Mdmes Cornélie, Defresne, Blanche Barretta, and Cassothy.

even the phrase: *Sion, chère Sion!* so well calculated to inspire a musician, is distorted rather than original, without unction or grandeur, and spun out everlastingly both by voices and orchestra. Then, to wind up the act, the composer suddenly hits upon a charming idea, and the soprano's tearful phrase: "*De tous ces vains plaisirs où leur âme se plonge,*" interrupted by syncopated chords and leading up to the brief exclamations of the chorus: "*O songe peu durable! . . . O réveil plein d'horreur! . . . O dangereuse erreur!*" produces a grandly sorrowful effect by very simple means and very concise dialogue.

The double chorus: "*Que du Seigneur la voix se fasse entendre!*" is based upon a fine broad phrase distinguished for its grand sonority; it introduces Joad's prediction, certain outbursts of which are well sustained by the orchestral symphony, which follows the declamation line for line and word for word. The composer has emphasised by short expressive phrases the Grand Priest's exclamation: "*Pleure, Jérusalem, pleure, cité perfide!*" and he here makes a happy use of the wind-instruments supported by the harp arpeggios; but what a strange idea of his it was to cause all Joad's prediction to turn on Luther's Chorale as on a pivot! Mendelssohn, as we know, was a fervent Protestant; sprung from an old Judaic stock, but converted to Protestantism, he was so good a son of Luther as never to neglect any opportunity of strengthening his belief by striking up the chaunt which is, as it were, the sacred canticle of the Reformed Religion. He had already inserted it in his *Reform Symphony*; he introduces it again distantly, confided to the loud accents of the brass, during the melodrama supporting the Grand Priest's ecstatic apostrophe:

"Quelle Jérusalem nouvelle  
Sort du fond du désert, brillante de clartés,  
Et porte sur le front une marque immortelle?  
Peuples de la terre, chantez!  
Jérusalem renaît, plus charmante et plus belle!"

Everything considered, this is a strange caprice explained by no artistic motive; a caprice which history ought to have induced him to reject as an anachronism, and religion as a piece of absurdity.

(To be continued.)

#### AN INDIAN GIRL'S SONG.\*

##### ROMANCE.

<p>I. Thou'st gone and all of life has fled; Yet I grieve not, for I Know thou saw'st not the tears I shed, But now their source is dry. Thou'st gone, and think'st not in yon climes Of her with whom thou'st stray'd, At evening in the walk of limes, And 'neath the mangrove's shade.</p> <p>II. Forgotten is the starlit night, Thy hand in mine was press'd; The fire-fly shed its emerald light, Where wa'd the corn-bird's nest. The flow'r I gave forgettest thou? Thou wore it on thy heart, And mine believ'd the fond false vow That we should never part.</p>	<p>III. What is to thee this faded form, And cheek now sicklied o'er, This bounding spirit. Ah, the worm Hath pierc'd it to the core. I can't one flatter'd beauty trace, They whisper. And the sigh— There's death-line ling'ring on my face, And wildness in my eye.</p> <p>IV. 'Tis well, though thou unto despair My bosom's hope hast given; Thou hast with shades of bitter care Darken'd my all of heaven. I do forgive thee—often yet For thee I strive to pray; I do forgive—but to forget— My broken heart soon may.</p>
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WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

MUNICH.—Speaking of Max Zenger's romantic four-act opera, *Wieland der Schmied*, a correspondent of the *Leipsic Signal* says: "The success was as moderate as the work! Herr Zenger has diligently studied Wagner; we perceive that he is at home in the *Götterdämmerung*; that the forge-songs from *Siegfried* pleased him excessively; and that he nourishes a positive passion for *Die Walküre*. Unfortunately, this intense love of Wagner's productions is so strongly marked in Herr Zenger, that, instead of hearing him, we hear, as a rule, merely his model. Only a few passages afford evidence of originality. The performance was admirable."

MAD. CHRISTINE NILSSON's Mignon has created more enthusiasm (if possible) in Madrid than even her Marguerite. Who can wonder.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—We are compelled to defer the publication of a long notice of the Schubert Concert at the Crystal Palace until our next impression.

PARIS.—Mme Patti has arrived here from Vienna, and is staying at the Hôtel Bedford. When she appears at the Gaité, she is expected to astonish even the Parisians with the magnificence of her costumes.

WASHFORD.—A very interesting concert was given at the Railway Hotel by the Musical Association of this town—a concert devoted exclusively to compositions, vocal and instrumental, by our great and highly honoured English musician, George Alexander Macfarren. A correspondent has sent us a programme, and further promises to send us a full account of the proceedings in time for our next issue. *Hooh!*

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first concert of the 68th season, on Thursday night (too late for detailed notice in our impression of to-day) was in all respects interesting. New and vigorous life seemed to breathe over everything. In anticipation of the forthcoming notice of our accredited reporter, we owe at least a word of hearty recognition to a distinguished foreign artist. The pianist, then, was Mad. Montigny-Rémaury, who came from Paris expressly for the honour of making her *obéissances* to the patrons of the Philharmonic Society—which she did through the medium of a superb performance of Schumann's A minor Concerto; her special favourite. The "patrons" reciprocated Mad. Rémaury's good wishes by a cordial reception, repeated applause, and a "call" to the platform as genuine as it was unanimous.—W. D. D.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—The concert on Wednesday night was another brilliant success, and brought another overflowing audience to St James's Hall. The fog, as might have been anticipated, proved too much for Mr Sims Reeves, who did very wisely in keeping away. Such a delicate voice as his requires, and deserves, the most careful tending. The public cannot afford to lose it yet, for years to come. Meanwhile, Mme Trebelli, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr Santley (each a host) did eminent service, and pleased the audience beyond measure. They gave nothing absolutely new, but what they gave was given with hearty good will. The director, Mr John Boosey, not having obtained permission to print the truly pathetic words of "The heart bowed down" (which always made Alfred Bunn weep, although he was the author of them), the audience were deprived of this accustomed aid to a general comprehension of their hidden meaning. Happily, the clear and well-balanced elocution of our English baritone *par excellence* made all such aid superfluous; the words seemed to print themselves, in large, bold type, as they issued from his eloquent lips. Misses Marian McKenzie and Mary Davies, Messrs Alfred Moore and Maybrick, the other solo singers, also achieved good work, as did the members of the London Vocal Union, as well as that extremely clever pianist, Mme Frickenhaus, who played pieces by Thalberg and Liszt so effectively that we wished she had been playing something else. To specify the "calls" and "encores" would fill a column; we therefore desist. Enough that, in the language of Southey—"It was a famous victory."—W. D. D.

"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE" (Extract from private letter, dated New York, Jan. 21).—From the first night of the production of the *Pirates* (31st December) until now they have had, and are likely to continue having, great houses. People here go much more to the theatre than in England, and as there is very little else attractive at the present moment, the "Pirates" ("S." and "G.") have it all their own way, as people come eight or ten times running to see the piece. . . . Sullivan and Gilbert are still very busy preparing other companies. . . . One is to open at Philadelphia next Monday fortnight (Feb. 9), and probably stay there two or three months. One goes to Baltimore, Washington, and other southern places; another to Boston and the New England States. Then all start off about the same time. . . . The original New York company visits Chicago, Cincinnati, St Louis, and the big western towns. . . .

## WAIFS.

Mr William Dorrell has returned from Sussex to London, where he will remain professionally employed until the Easter recess enables him again for a short period to inhale the country air, and receive all friends who may happen to pass that way, at his invariably hospitable villa.

M. Saint-Saëns has been playing in Hamburg.

Book-worms are the proper bait for fishing in the Pierian springs.

A new theatre has been inaugurated at Athens with *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*.

Sig. D. Antonietti has been appointed conductor at the Teatro Bellini, Palermo.

The new Teatro Garibaldi at Gallipoli was inaugurated with Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*.

Vieuxtemps "the great" is deriving considerable benefit from his sojourn in Algiers.

A new opera, *Elda*, by Sig. Alfredo Catalani, is in rehearsal at the Teatro Regio, Turin.

Wagner informs a friend that, after leaving Naples, he shall most probably visit Venice.

Joachim has been giving concerts in Vienna. Of course, he was applauded to the echo.

Verdi will himself superintend some of the rehearsals of *Aida* at the Grand Opera, Paris.

After a long absence from the German stage, Halévy's *Eclair* has been performed in Wiesbaden.

Sig. Marchetti is staying in Turin, to superintend the rehearsals of his *Don Giovanni d'Autria*.

The season at the Teatro Mercadante, Naples, has been highly disastrous for the management.

M. Pierre Benoit has been created a fellow ("membre agrégé") of the Royal Academy of Belgium.

Alfred Grünfeld is making a concert tour in Italy; he returns to Berlin at the end of this month.

For the first time in thirty years, the Theatre in Perugia remained closed this year during the Carnival.

A Philharmonic Society and Conservatory of Music have been established in San Luis de Potosi, Mexico.

*Cola di Rienzi*, the new opera by the young composer, Sig. Luigi Ricci, is in rehearsal at the Fenice, Venice.

A new Mass by Sig. Vincenzo da Meglio has been performed at the Church of Sta Maria la Nuova, Naples.

Franz Liszt is now in Pesth, where he intends residing for some months; in the summer, he goes to Weimar.

Albert Becker's Mass in B minor, performed last May in Leipsic, has been published by Breitkopf and Härtel.

A new opera, *Ada di Volpina*, by Sig. A. Giovannini, will be produced in the Spring at the Politeama, Trieste.

Mdlle Vera Timano, the pianist, took part recently with much success in a concert at the Stadttheater, Düsseldorf.

Paul Geisler's opera, *Ingeborg*, will be produced for the first time at the Stadttheater, Leipsic, at the end of May.

Wagner's *Lohengrin* has been successfully performed for the first time at the Italian opera, St Petersburg. The cast included Signore Tremelli, Vitali, Signori Nouvelli and Cotogni.

During his journey from Marseilles to Naples, Sig. Frapoli, the tenor, was robbed of a cash box containing about £120.

Home is dear to every man's heart; he knows he can go there when all the other places are closed. (Does he?—DR BLIDGE.)

It was exactly a quarter of a century, on the 21st ult., that the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, was utterly destroyed by fire.

Ten performances of Anton Rubinstein's *Demonio*, at the Imperial Operahouse, Moscow, produced 29,000 roubles, or about £3,600.

Carl Gramman, composer of *Melusine*, is busy on a grand opera, *Der Argonautenzug* (*The Expedition of the Argonauts*) with libretto by Herr Waitmann.

M. Westberg, the Swedish tenor, after singing three times in *Mignon* with Mad. Christine Nilsson at the Teatro Real, has left Madrid for Germany.

In consequence of her success at the Teatro Bellini, Naples, Mad. Galli-Marié gave several extra performances after the expiration of her regular engagement.

*Adam de la Halle*, a new two-act opera by Ernst Frank, formerly chorus-master of the Vienna Academical Vocal Union, will shortly be produced at Carlsruhe.

On his way to Pesth about three weeks since, Franz Liszt passed through Venice, where, at an evening party given by Sig. Ugo Bassani, he played several pieces.

The youthful elocutionist, Miss Louisa Ball, whose "first appearance" at St James's Hall we recorded, has been giving her "Recitations" at several of the London Institutions, with much success.

Mdlle Vaillant (at present Mad. Conturier), the whilom *transfuge* from the Grand Opera, Paris, having abandoned the serious for the comic style, is singing in *Madame Favart* at the Grand-Théâtre, Marseilles.

After the first performance, in Stuttgart, of his opera *Ekkehard*, H. J. J. Abert had the large Gold Medal, to be worn with the Ribbon of the Order of the Crown, bestowed upon him by the King of Württemberg.

Mr Albert McGuckin, brother to Mr Barton McGuckin, possessor of a fine baritone voice, has, by the advice of his professor, Mr J. B. Welch, gone to Milan to study, under Signor Ronconi, the Italian method of singing.

Miss Agnes Henderson, pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, who made so promising a *début* at the recent Saturday Popular Concerts in Glasgow, has obtained from Trinity College a first class certificate for Solo singing.

## NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

BOOSEY & Co.—*The Choralist*, Nos. 231, 232, 233.—No. 1 of Six Concertos for the Organ (without Orchestra), by G. F. Handel, arranged and edited by W. T. Best.

CHAPPELL & Co.—"The Cavalier's Song," by Eaton Faning.

J. B. CHAMER & Co.—"Love while you may, Lina," by A. Orsini.

DUFF & STEWART.—*A Catechism of Music*, by W. Buels, R.A.M.

EXOCH & SONS.—"In happier days," by Owen Hope.

LAMBOEN COCK.—"At Sunrise," by Berger; "Ti Saluto!" by Bartholomew; "The Daffodil," by Gardner; "County Guy," by Simpson. Pianoforte pieces: "Springtime," by J. C. Beazley; "Pastorale from Sonata in A,"

"Romance," and "Gavotte in G," by C. Gardner.

HOPWOOD & CREW.—"Mazurka de Salon," by R. W. Raikes.

C. JEFFERYS & Co.—"Sognai," by Schira, arranged for pianoforte by Michael Watson.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Co.—Songs: "To England," by C. A. Barry; "When I think of thee," by Brion; "The Whisper of the Wind," by E. Faning; "They tell me, my darling," by I. de Lara; "The Shepherd," by Macdonald; "Kitty's Sun-Bonnet," by Marzials; "Honest Heart," by Lady Lindsay; "Ship Boy's Prayer," by Lemoine; "Springtime is here," by Ramana; "The lark may sing," by Read; "Biondina's Song," by Salaman;

"Hast thou forgotten," by Winterbottom. Pianoforte pieces: "Les Arpèges, Etude de Concert," by J. Calkin; "The Pixies' Revel," by L. Liebe; "Chaconne," by Naumann; "Albumbblätter," by K. Ockleston; "Concert Finale," by O. Prescott; "Rondo Scherzando," by M. V. White.

NOVELLO, EWER & Co.—"Who shall roll away," by Moon; "The Potter," part-song, by Alfred R. Gaul; 11 Nos., *Organist's Quarterly Journal*; *A New Method for Piano Course*, "Te Deum laudamus," and "Jubilate Deo," by M. E. Yeatman, M.A.

F. PITMAN.—"May Day Dance," caprice for piano, by E. C. Winchester;

"The Wedding Ring," "Recollections," and "Will they miss me?" by E. Wiles.

PAXTON.—"Triumph," song, by Burleigh.

RUDALL, CARTE & Co.—2 Nos., *Amateur Flute Player's Journal*.

RICORDI.—"Vous et moi," "Il Pescatore di Coralli," "Les Papillons," and "Vieille Chanson," by F. Paul Tosti; "Non ti voglia," and "La Gondola Nero," by Rotoli; "Petite Polka Chinoise," by Rossini; "La Gioconda," opera, by Ponchielli; Organ compositions, by G. Morandi, edited and arranged for English organ by W. T. Best.

W. REEVES.—5 Nos., *English Organ Music*; *Organs and Organists*, by C. A. Blew, M.A.; "Nocturnes," by Chopin, Op. 15 and 87, adapted for voice by Papini.

ROUTLEDGE.—"The Baby's Bouquet," by W. Crane.

SAMPSON LOW & Co.—*The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer*, revised and enlarged edition; *The Chant Book Companion to the Book of Common Prayer*.

WEEKES & Co.—"I fain would have," by P. G. Mocatta; "Lost Love" and "Parted," by A. Caldicott; "In the woods" and "O woods that o'er the," by W. C. Gillilan; "I listened one autumn evening," by H. Houseley; "Sweet and gay," by Berthold Tours; two choruses, "May" and "The Twilight Shades," for four voices, by W. Bendall; Turpin's "Offertory Sentences"; Hein's "Original Voluntaries for Organ, Book 3"; "The Arsenal," cantata, by C. T. Speer; 4 movements from Spohr, arranged for organ by Stark; 5 Morceaux faciles for violin, by O. Booth; Adagio from Spohr's Quartet in G minor, arranged for violin and pianoforte by Tours; Sonatina, by Haydn, arranged for violin and pianoforte by Peiniger.



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